

Reidsville Times.

Published every Thursday by T. C. EVANS. Editor and Proprietor. OFFICE UP STAIRS IN BUILDING NEXT DOOR ABOVE JNO. BARNES & SON'S STORE. SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTAGE PAID: \$2.00 a year, Always in advance.

The Reidsville Times.

Facts Alone Can Influence the Minds and Actions of Men.

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Reidsville Times.

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T. GREENWALD,

Wholesale and Retail

Clothing

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

JOHN W. SMITH, OF ROCKINGHAM

8 WITH THIS HOUSE, AND WOULD BE PLEASED TO HAVE HIS FRIENDS CALL ON HIM.

HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

The largest and most reliable House in Danville.

"Goods warranted as represented."

"FAIR DEALING" and "ONE PRICE"

Oct 14 th. Cor. Main and Union Streets, DANVILLE, VA.

New Firm!

New House!!

New Goods!!!

Lindsey Harris & Co.

respectfully announce to the public that they are now receiving at their

New Brick Store.

a large stock of GROCERIES & STAPLE GOODS, bought directly from leading Jobbers and Importers with cash. All of which will be sold at the very lowest possible figures consistent with honest dealing.

LINDEY, HARRIS & CO.

REIDSVILLE, N. C. Feb. 26, 1880.

David S. Reid, Wentworth, Thomas S. Reid, Reidsville.

REID & REID,

Attorneys at Law, OFFICE WESTWORTH AND REIDSVILLE, N. C. WILL attend to all business entrusted to their care.

George Gibson, Jr. IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF

China, Glass and Queensware,

1207 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

25-1

Reid House,

Wentworth, N. C

This Hotel has been recently refitted and offers

GOOD ACCOMMODATION

LUMBER!

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS.

Denny & Smith

Give notice to their friends and the public generally that they have on hand a full assortment of

Rough and Dressed Lumber

Including Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboard, etc., also a full stock of Sash, Doors, and Blinds, Laths, Shingles, etc. Window Frames of all sizes kept in stock and made to order.

We will sell Building material as cheap as it can be got in Reidsville. Yard and Mill opposite Eagle Warehouse. Give us a Call.

DENNY & SMITH, Reidsville, N. C.

Dr. H. W. COLE,

Successor to COLE & FLYNN.

DRUGGIST,

431st DANVILLE, VA.

HIDES HIDES WANTED.

GREEN and DRY HIDES, I will pay the highest market price for them delivered to me in Reidsville.

J. J. MARTIN. Oct 7.3m.

YARBROUGH HOUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

G. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

Reidsville Times,

Reidsville, N. C. T. C. EVANS, Editor

THURSDAY, NOV. 4, 1880.

LIFE'S CROSSES.

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

He was old and weak and, shabbily

the time-beaten wreck of a man, whose story the passer-by might have guessed

Of the fact he had stopped to weep, For Fate had dealt him many a blow, Now squarely and now from behind, With sickness and poverty laying him low.

Then cruelly making him blind.

As I dropped a pittance into his hat I said: 'Your lot is hard;' But he cheerily answered: 'Yes, it is that,

For I'm blind and poor, and barred From all that gives to life its joy, Yet perhaps it is only my share; For the man was never yet born, my boy,

Who hadn't his cross to bear! I walked through a famous uptown square,

And I envied the rich man's ease; But lo! on the silver door-bell there A crape fluttered out on the breeze. Ah, this, I reflected, is gold's alloy,

And I muttered to empty air, The man was never yet born, my boy, Who hadn't his cross to bear!

I heard the plaudits and laughter rife, In a theatre packed to the walls, Where the star was a famous comedy king,

Who smiled in response to the calls, Yet I knew he had buried that day the joy

'The man was never yet born, my boy, Who hadn't his cross to bear!

I thought of a Judge who was honored of men

For the power and the place he had won, Yet the felon, one day, in the prisoner's pen,

Was the Judge's only son,

And the iron law the Judge could employ, While the father was crushed in despair—

'The man was never yet born, my boy, Who hadn't his cross to bear!' And thinking of this—how wealth and fame

And honor and power all May have its grief to hide, or its shame, I could not choose but recall

The words which the beggar blind could employ, In this cheery philosophy rare:

'The man was never yet born, my boy, Who hadn't his cross to bear.

TWO ECCENTRIC MEN.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One day last week as a Griswold street lawyer had just finished tacking up a sign of "shut the door" where he thought it would do the most good an oldish man, having a sour expression on his face, came up stairs. The instant he saw the sign he said:

"All bosh, sir—all bosh. I never pay any attention to such signs."

"But other people do," replied the lawyer.

"Let 'em do so, then. I am just eccentric enough to leave your door open when I go out"

And so he did. He walked once or twice around the room, made a few inquiries, and left the door wide open as he walked out. When he had reached the street a boy overtook him and asked him to return to the room on important business. He climbed back up stairs, and the lawyer asked him:

"Did you leave your gold-headed cane here?"

"No, sir—here it is," replied the caller as he held it up

"Ah! so it is. I was just eccentric enough to think that this stove poker was your gold-headed cane. All right—no harm done—good-bye!"

When the stranger went down stairs he left the print of his heels on every step.

MISS FLYNN'S LOVER.

SUCCESSFULLY COMBINING COURTING WITH THE STUDY OF MEDICINE.

[From the Troy (N. Y.) Times.]

Miss Mary Flynn was studying medicine and being courted at the same time by William Budd, who was attending the latter part of the business

One evening while they were sitting together in the parlor Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," she said, "thas thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle!"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary would believe me when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why, a person cannot kiss without a sphincter!"

"Indeed!"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you to make light of such a subject."

"Then he tried, and while he held her hand, she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about these things," said Mr. Budd—really wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone, of course."

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and the infra-spiralis, among other"

mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist so, is it your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder blade in this way?"

"My back hair, primarily, but the occipital bone, of course, afterward."

But, oh, Mr. Budd, suppose a should come in and see us!"

"Let him come! Who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly. I think I'll exercise a sphincter and take a kiss."

"But Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said, drawing her closer.

"You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, very faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear you heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."

THE WAY IT GOES.

She read all the books of science, Her fingers were covered with ink; She hooted at marriage alliance, She talked of the missing link.

She quoted savans and preachers Of greater and less renown— Platonic in all her features, She got married on a sudden down.

THEY MADE UP THEIR MINDS.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

A very homely woman passed a party of men standing on a street corner. 'Look at that nose, will you!' remarked one of the men, and he laughed heartily.

"That woman is my wife," said one of the party.

"I take it all back, then," said the sportsman; 'I'm sorry that I laughed."

"You laughed at her ugliness, and that is a direct thrust at my taste. There may be better-looking women in Little Rock, but that does not remove any of the sting. I will be avenged. It runs in the family. A man once laughed at my mother

when she had a boil on her nose, and my father caught him and sliced his ears till they looked like the leather fringe on a Texas saddle. To further trace back the avenging spirit, an old revolutionary general sneezed at my grandmother, and my grandfather

threw him down, pulled off his boots and drove his heels so full of brass-head tacks that he never walked any more. I don't know whether to make you take poison or cut your tongue in two with a knife."

"My friend," replied the sportsman, "I am inexpressibly sorry, and I hope you will not injure me. I am not well, and cannot fight."

"I don't ask you to fight. When doesn't invite the dog to bite him. I believe I'll just cut you in two," and the man drew a long knife.

"My friend, I am a married man, and if you'll come down to my house I'll bring my wife out into the yard and let you laugh at her."

"Is she ugly enough to serve as a stand-off to my wife?" asked the avenger.

"Beats her all hollow."

"How's her nose?"

"Turned up like a gourd handle."

"Hump-shouldered?"

"Yes, and nearly bald-headed."

"Pigeon-toed?"

"Yes and the worst knock-kneed human you ever saw."

"Well, that'll sorter do. I'll accept your proposition. Come on & let's get through with this business," and, shutting his knife, he accompanied the man who laughed at his wife.

AN UNEEXPECTED BILL.

A few days since a well-dressed couple in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and sending for a justice, wished to be married. The justice said 'All right,' and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him that he had performed the same service for the lady some years before. On inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said that she had been married previously. 'Have you a bill from your former husband?' asked Mr. Justice.

"Yes," she replied, "I have a bill."

This being satisfactory, the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared "man and wife." As they were about departing, the justice, who had never seen a bill of divorce, thought it an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He therefore said to the lady:

"Have you the bill with you?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Have you any objections to allowing me to see it?" said our friend.

"None whatever," she replied, and stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said:

"Here, Bill, come quick; here is a gentleman who wishes to see you." The gentleman wilted.—MODERN ARGO.

Only letters to unmarried ladies and widows are addressed with their baptismal names.

A MADMAN'S RIDE.

A TERRIBLE FEAT WHICH MEANT SURE DEATH TO A MAN WHO HAD A LEVEL HEAD.

Depotmaster Thomas Boone of Reading, Pa., relates the details of a most dangerous ride of a madman on the Reading Railroad. In Port Clinton, where the conductor was supposed to have been

figure of a man extended on the front truck. He was of medium stature, apparently well dressed but lacking a hat. His hair stood on end from the force of the wind, caused by the rapid journey in the open air. His face and head—in fact his entire person—were coated with coal dust.

On being informed that he could not travel on the train any longer without a ticket, he rushed into the depot and bought one to Pottsville. Shortly after the train had started the conductor found the tramp standing on the rear platform.

"You must get on the inside," the conductor said.

"It is dangerous to ride on the platform." The mad man started at the conductor and said:

"No, sir, I don't want to get in. I won't get in. If you touch me I'll jump off."

The train was going at a high rate of speed. The conductor succeeded in getting the man inside the car, however, but a few moments later he jumped for the door, reached the platform, descended the steps, and acted as if he intended to jump into eternity. The passengers were alarmed.

The madman leaned over for the car step, and catching hold of the iron bars of the nearest window, swung himself out into space,

Leaving the tramp swinging in a turn away their heads, the conductor hastened inside the car and pulled the bell rope. He had no sooner done this than the tramp made a spring to the next window. He swung himself from window to window a bill he reached the middle of the car, clinging into each window as he passed, and yelling at the top of his voice, "I'll beat you into Pottsville, yet!"

The passengers were terrified. Just as Landingville appeared in sight the tramp appeared, running up the hill at full speed, still shouting pet names to the conductor and "I'll beat you to Pottsville yet." The man is supposed to have run to the hills. As yet he is not known.

THE ANCIENT CAMPAIGN SPEECH.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

And while the great man was speaking words of wisdom upon the multitude, saying unto them that unless it should come to pass that their party should beat the stuffing out of the other party on Tuesday which is election, the land around about and all the people therein would be seized with a murrain, Porchos then drew back his arm and threw with exceeding great force an onion, which betook the great man on the ear and did paralyze him even unto silence. But the multitude wot not what had happened him, and cried out with vast noise:

"Spit 'er out! Go fit, old beaxwax! Hit 'im again! Pull down your vest! Sock it to 'em Docketry! Turn 'em loose!"

WORDS OF INTEREST.

Never wait over fifteen minutes for a tardy guest.

Upon introduction enter at once into conversation.

A note requires as prompt an answer as a spoken question.

Regrets in reply to invitations should contain a reason therefor.

Strangers arriving should notify friends by card or by their presence.

At a table you are required to thank the one who waits on you.

You should exchange calls with individuals before inviting them to your house.

To return a personal call with cards enclosed in an envelope signifies that visiting between the persons is ended.